

Wake up to dust, must trust rust and get old? Knuckles alert fingers scroll,
unraveled scrolls, the smoke takes my soul and it's the price we pay, the
toll. Told what is and what isn't, fold the seems get to gettin'. Dress a
wound, dress for success, she shot herself, she had an abscess. Second guess
and obsess over details. They took their best guess of what I was, faggot or
female. Smudge the lens, work in retail.

Hold a grudge, hold my guts and smudge some blood on a news paper. Smoke a
blunt save a roach forever. Bring the weather into view, slinging mud on my
shoes. Bring your lust and an excuse. Clean my mouth with soap. Cling to
clouds of smoke. Cleaning out the attic. Matching each square peg to a round
hole. Unfold till it's all null and void. Word to Sigmund Freud, I'll fuck
the mother in me. Cling to structures with foundations flimsy, you're
othering me. Weak legs got rubber knees. Seen my bloodline foster greed, I'm
wavering.

Savor a memory bloated with stagnant water. Industrial magnets and my
father's brother. Watch over others they got games on their phone. Check your
tone and take a toke of thoughts, turned to stone. I'll remain a stow away, I
always know a way. Left a sticky note on the license plate when the ball is
still in play. So afraid of the freight it carries, the train of thoughts
buried. Arms full of berries, I'm in love with their venom.

Sweat covered face, sweat stained denim. Been probed like Avalyn, throwing
stones at the top of the tower, the top of a battlement. Never been a tattle
tale, our failures hoisted like a flag. Moist towelette on the bathroom sink,
Aetna branded bag. Wipe grime off my brow, my armpits stink like a cow. The
clink of the glass on another. Toast to those who buffer, toast to those
motherfuckers. Open the manhole cover, there's a party where I took coats and
jackets. Tally my adolescence, count up what's imagined. Beasts climb towers
and swipe at jets like they're gnats. Always get back on track to be tacked
to a board of cork. Can't afford a fork, a stork drops me off once more on
hallowed ground. Hollowed out eyes, I mind the mound. Pride swallowed, found
and lost. Bloody mouthwash gums sliced with floss. Disparage the wound and
spit on the sores. They become a dead horse, a flag with faded meaning.

Gangrenous leaking a tear out my eye, tree sap on my thigh. A tad off the
beaten path past the first exit. Sweet tooth, gifted kid, math test last
question. That stool saw me take a bath in tears. Recite my times tables out
of fear of what would happen if I didn't. New kitten on my chest, after its
death I tried my best.

Blood stains my pillow and I remember his bloody nose on the bus going home
to the rich neighborhood. His mom was a judge. God doesn't have the right to
judge me. He watched me blankly. In the RV parked across the street from the
high school, he got kicked out and spent the night there. Time folding into a
nightmare. Worn out clothes stretched underwear. Undertow takes me back and
gets me caught red handed. Granite countertop I'm clamming up. What words
will I muster up in front of the higher ups?

Tupperware filled to the brim I'm on the cusp. Snot crusted up on my sleeve.
When you're a kid you know you can't leave. Salt on the wounds, assault in my
dreams. Lilya 4 ever, I want my wings. Wonder bread loaf in an empty kitchen.
Picking at the stitching on my shirt, vision drifting in and out of blur.
Blurt out my answer, neglect my table manners. The mask is still slipping,
abandoned fridge, rotted venison.